

# She

Pac Div

She hugs and kisses, loves attention  
You know how she gets down  
Loves that money, honey can't get enough  
That's why she (shake that, shake that)  
Shake that baby (go 'head shake that, shake that)  
Shake that baby (sh-sh-she's got to have it)

Baby got the Gucci on the frames, Fendi on the shoulder  
She hang around the rappers, she kick it with the rollers  
She addicted to the light, you would swear she was the solar  
System on bang while she dipping in the Rover  
I was sipping on a soda when I first seen her roll up  
Car pull right behind her, parking at the diner  
Strutting down the aisle, everybody stopped to eye her  
I'm peeping in the cut with thoughts to get in that vagina  
Simple old me, tried to pimp it on she  
But damn she ain't having that  
She wanna see my crib on TV with a couple Humvees  
And then I might have a chance, but wait, wait  
A couple weeks passed, I had stopped to get gas  
Heard a voice to my left, she was talking real fast  
High-pitched was her tone, smiled at me then she asked  
"Ain't you in that one group? "  
I looked at her and laughed, hit the gas!

I was treated like a dirtbag, growing up  
Everything that they used to do, was cold as fuck  
All I had was my dreams of, blowing up  
Couldn't really do shit so I, soaked it up  
Played my part, seen girls hate on me like it was an art  
I tried to play it smart  
Why the baby hair have niggas always throw they heart  
I played the role of sucka hoping for the chance to spark  
A convo, now it's like bravo, everywhere that I go  
It's like I struck the lotto  
They throw the "got dough? " at me, they used to call me nappy  
Now they bring they homegirls, hoping they can tag me  
On some take one, get the other free shit  
Let me cook for you, let me spend the weekend  
Falling in love with you  
Let me show you everything that I love to do  
Say what?

I wonder how she moved in that tight ass room  
Sweating out her weave and her cheap perfume  
She hotter than the sun, I can be her moon  
And when the night is done, my house'll be her tomb  
Soon we'll go together like spinal cords and car seats  
Or kind of like my words and hard beats  
She whispered in my ear she's an artist  
But I ain't trying to hear all that, straight to the bar please  
We at the bar and she asked to see my car keys  
I'm like "Why? " and this was her reply:  
"I ain't fucking with guys unless they drive  
Nothing less than a 6, or a 745  
You ain't willing to trick? I'm a play you to the side  
So if you ain't rich, might as well not even try"

Sigh... I asked the bartender for my card back  
"Sorry I'm not that dude, I'm a fall back."

Pac Div, Cook, what's good?  
This beat right here  
Make a nigga wanna start singing some shit like:  
She think she can have what she want  
Get what she want, take what she want  
But you ain't getting shit from me  
Nothing from me  
Cause I ain't lying  
We here grinding  
And you wasting time  
And I could give a fuck if you's a dime